

OF WOOD COUNTY DIRECTORY.

COUNTY OFFICERS.
 Sheriff.....D. London.
 Clerk & Register.....W. R. Stecker.
 Treasurer.....G. M. F. Davis.
 Pros. Attorney.....J. O. Hadley.
 Judge of Probate.....A. Taylor.
 O. C. Commissioner.....N. E. Britt.
 Surveyor.....J. W. H. Revell.
SUPERVISORS.
 Grove Township.....O. J. Bell.
 South Branch.....Ira H. Richardson.
 Beaver Creek.....W. Patterson.
 Maple Forest.....J. J. Coventry.
 Grayling.....R. S. Babbitt.
 Fredericville.....A. Barker.
 Ball.....Chas. Jackson.
 Center Plains.....G. W. Love.

W. M. WOODWORTH,
Physician and Surgeon,
 GRAYLING, MICH.

Graduate of the University of Michigan with A. H. Swarthout. Residing with A. J. Rose. Office hours from 9 to 12 a. m.

W. A. WATERS, NOTARY PUBLIC.—On application, will attend to making deeds, mortgages, etc.

N. R. GILBERT, M. D.
Physician, Surgeon, Etc.
 U. S. Examining Surgeon for Pensioners.
 OTSEGO LAKE, MICH.

J. Maurice Finn,
 NOTARY PUBLIC, AND DEPUTY
Clerk and Register,
 OF CRAWFORD COUNTY.

A. H. SWARTHOUT,
 ATTORNEY AND SOLICITOR.
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Business in adjoining counties solicited. Real Estate, Insurance, & Collection Agent.
 GRAYLING, MICH.

N. E. Britt,
 COUNTY SURVEYOR
 OF CRAWFORD COUNTY.
 Surveying in all of its branches, including leveling, promptly attended to.
 GRAYLING, MICH.

Michigan Central Railroad,
 SAGINAW DIVISION.
Time Table—Jan 1, 1882.

NORTHWARD.

Saginaw & Bay City Ex.		
STATIONS.	Mail.	Bay City Ex.
Chicago, leave.	9:10 p m	9:40 a m
Jackson.	7:00 a m	4:00 p m
Wives June.,	7:25 a m	4:40 p m
Mason.	7:55 a m	5:10 p m
Holt.	8:07 a m	5:22 p m
Lansing.	8:20 a m	5:38 p m
North Lansing.	8:25 a m	5:40 p m
Bath.	8:40 a m	5:55 p m
Lansburgh.	8:55 a m	6:10 p m
Lansburgh.	9:10 a m	6:25 p m
De Munnington.	9:15 a m	6:38 p m
U. & M. Crossing.	9:28 a m	7:00 p m
Jwosco.	9:52 a m	7:18 p m
Jackson.	10:00 a m	7:30 p m
Cheseling.	10:13 a m	7:45 p m
St. Charles.	10:40 a m	8:10 p m
Paines.	10:55 a m	8:23 p m
Saginaw City.	11:05 a m	8:40 p m
North Saginaw.	11:15 a m	8:40 p m
P. & P. M. Cross.	11:20 a m	8:50 p m
Zilwaukee.	11:25 a m	9:12 p m
West Bay City.	11:40 a m	9:12 p m
Bay City, Arrive.	11:55 a m	9:20 p m

The Avalanche

O. PALMER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

LITTLE TIM.

Over the pale green hills of Tim.
With a roguish look in his bright, black eyes;
He called to the children to come to him,
And help him to catch the butterflies.
Brown and blue and the summer sun,
Under a hat of plumed straw,
Hopped, healthy and full of fun,
Was the cheerful fat man.

I heard the hum of the honey bees;
The chirp of grasshoppers still and clear;
The robins singing in the trees;
The clattering of the wheels as they rolled;
The rattling of the wheels as they rolled;
The rattling of the wheels as they rolled;
The rattling of the wheels as they rolled;

I fashioned a future for my boy,
As only a mother can;
My son seemed filled with a sense of joy,
As he saw how to be a man;
The proper and good of his little frame,
The proper and good of his little frame;

The praise and hope of my later days;
I mounted the splendid heights of fame—
Men uttered his honest praise.
Today, while the winter wind blew chill,
Through the moaning pines in the vale below,
We bore him safely over the hill,
And laid him under the drifting snow,
Under the yellow blank and bare,
Under the dark clouds cold and gray,
Under the snow-drifts white and fair,
We buried our hopes to-day.

I dream again, while to-night I stand,
By my window and gaze at the winged storm;
Of my little boy in the better land;
And I seem to see his shining form
Through a rift in the clouds, while I watch and wait
For the joyful summons to go to him.
Yes! I hope for the golden gate,
I shall meet my little Tim.
—Our Content.

LOVE ON A FARM.

"Are you my Aunt Dorcas?"
Mrs. Torrance had been entertaining
a quizzing bee that afternoon, and she
had got the frame out of the way, the
dishes washed up, and the apartment
generally "tidied," when there came a
meek tap at the door, and there in the
yellow April twilight stood a small figure
in a gray traveling shawl, and holding
a bag.

"Shakes niver!" said Mrs. Torrance.
"Who be you?"
"I am Emily," said the girl. "Please
let me in, for I am tired and cold. I've
walked all the way from the station,
and I've had nothing to eat since noon."

"Well, I never!" said Mrs. Torrance.
"You're the city school-ma'am, ain't
you, as went out to live with Cousin
Shadrach? And he's dead, and the
money has all gone to the Baptist widow
and orphan fund! You didn't make
much by that move, did you? And
you've come back to us now, though we
wasn't stylish enough for you before.
Well, come in, come in."

And Mrs. Torrance, who was essentially
a kind-hearted woman, albeit she
could not repress the anger that rose to
her lips, moved the log rocker to the
fire and flung another log on the andirons.

Cousin Shadrach had been the family
apple of discord ever since they could
remember. He was rich, he was eccentric,
he was crabbed. He had shut the
door in the face of all his relations, until,
toward the last, sick and feeble, he
had signified his desire that Emily Alden
should come and take care of him.
And Emily had gone.

There had been a spice of jealousy in
the family as regarded Emily, for a long
time. Emily had been looked upon as
"proud" and "stuck up," because, instead
of entering a factory, or learning the
dressmaker's trade, she had elected to
be a teacher. She had never visited
Job Torrance's family until now—now
that Cousin Shadrach had willed his
money to the Baptist widows and orphans—
her step-father, a pompous old whole-
sale grocer, objected to step-children, so
that there seemed to be no other haven
of refuge left to her.

Who could blame Mrs. Torrance for a
momentary feeling of triumph, when Emily
Alden came thus to her door-
stone, in the twilight of that April day.

But she helped her off with her things,
made a cup of tea for her, and finally
escorted her to a little room under the
roof-tree, where the floor was covered
by a home-made rag carpet, and the bed
was decorated with a rainbow. "Job's
troubles" quilt, and you could look out
of the window into a greening meadow,
where a whip-poor-will plained its melan-
choly refrain.

"I hope you will sleep well," said Mrs.
Torrance. "We eat breakfast at 5."
And then she went away.

Early as was the breakfast-hour, Emily
was awake at least an hour before it.
As if the tumultuous glee of the robins
and blue-birds in the old orchard
would permit any one to sleep! And
as she lay with her cheek against the
pillow, watching the rosy dawn creep
up the wall, she heard the sound
of voices in the meadow below her casement.

"What is she like, mother?" said Job,
Jr., who was milking.
"Oh, she looks well enough," Mrs.
Torrance carelessly responded. "Little
and dark, with big shady eyes and a
real Torrance mouth. Doesn't talk a
great deal, and is dressed shabby as any
might expect."

"Poor thing!" said Job, pityingly.
"Well," said Mrs. Torrance, sharply,
"I can't say but what I think she does
deserve all she's got. Them Aldens al-
ways were as proud as Lucifer."

"You'll keep her, mother, of course?"
"I suppose so," said Mrs. Torrance.
"I don't suppose she's got anywhere
else to go."

There was no more delicious dozing
for Emily now. She rose hurriedly,
dressed herself and came down stairs.
"Aunt Dorcas," she said, as she en-
countered that lady frying ham and eggs
over the kitchen fire, "what is there in
this neighborhood for a woman to do?"

"Eh?" said Mrs. Torrance in sur-
prise.
"To earn my living, I mean!" ex-
claimed Emily. "Is the district school
supplied with a teacher?"
Mrs. Torrance nodded as she placed
the slice of frizzling ham on a blue-
edged plate, and arranged the egg in
golden spheres above.
"Is there a factory hereabouts?" pur-
sued Emily.
"Used to be," said Mrs. Torrance.
"But they failed, and it's been shut up
for ten months."

"Do you know any one who wants a
girl?" pursued the city cousin.
Mrs. Torrance set the coffee pot on
the table, blew the horn for Job, and
then responded to her niece's query by
a counter-question.
"Why don't you stay here?"
"Because," said Emily with spirit,
"I want to earn my own living."

"Well, you can earn it here, can't
you? I was calculating to hire a girl
this spring. And if you'll work honestly
for it, I'll give you the \$6 a month I
was going to pay hired help."

Emily's pale face brightened.
"I should like that," said she. And
then Job came in, tall, handsome and
flushed, his curls yet wet from the spring
into which he had dipped them, and a
sprig of trailing arbutus pinned onto his
coat, and spoke a frank welcome to the
young girl whom he had never seen be-
fore.

"So Cousin Shadrach Seely is dead,"
he said.
"Yes," said Emily, quietly.
"Did you like him?"

"No," confessed the girl. "He was
cross and surly, and had no sympathy
with anybody. But I tried to be kind
to him, and he kissed me once before he
died, and said I had been a good girl."

"And then went and left his money to
the Refuge for Baptist Widows and Or-
phans," said Mrs. Torrance. "That's
Cousin Shadrach all over."

"He had a right to do as he pleased
with his money," said Emily, a faint
glow rising to her cheeks.
"Well, it's all over and gone," said
Mrs. Torrance. "There's no use talk-
ing about it now."

And she sighed softly to think how
many of life's hard angles might have
been avoided in the future if only
Cousin Shadrach had been less interested
in the Baptist widows and orphans.

At the end of a month, Mrs. Torrance
was forced to acknowledge that Emily
had well earned her \$6 a month and
board. The girl had about her that
wonderful magnetic power, which philo-
sophers dub "executive ability," and
New England housekeepers call "fac-
tinity." She was a natural cook—she
did things without seeming to take any
trouble at all.

"I don't understand it," said Mrs.
Torrance. "A little dark, slim thing
that was always brought up to sit with
her hands folded."

And one sunny day in July, when Job
and Emily came in from strawberry-
ing, with crimsoned fingers, laughing faces,
and baskets heaped high with the fragrant
fruit, Mrs. Torrance started in the
solitude of her dairy, where she was
making "cottage cheese."

"I declare," she cried, "I wonder I
never thought of that before. Oh, dear!
oh, dear! I never can consent to it in
the living world!"

Job came to her that same evening.
"Mother," said he, "Emily has
promised to be my wife."

Mrs. Torrance burst into tears.
"You're only 26 years old, Job," she
faltered.

"Just two years older than when my
father married you, mother. Now—
don't turn your face away; but tell me
plainly—have you any fault to find with
my choice?"

"No—no," confessed Mrs. Torrance.
"Do you think I could possibly win a
sweeter girl than Emily Alden?"

"No, I don't suppose you could,"
answered the mother-in-law eloquently.
"It's natural, Job, to feel a little jealous
when you see some one else taking the
first place in your child's heart."

But when Job brought Emily in to re-
ceive her kiss of greeting, Mrs. Torrance
had sufficiently conquered herself to
bid her new daughter welcome.

"Though I s'posed, Emily," said she,
a little bitterly, "that you looked higher
than a farmer once."

"I never looked higher than one of
nature's noblemen," said Emily, with a
smile that fairly won the old lady's heart.
That same evening, as they all sat to-
gether in the orange twilight, with the
scent of tall, white lilies in the air, Em-
ily suddenly broke the silence.

"Job," said she, "would you like to
be rich?"
"Well, yes," said Job. "I'd like
money enough to keep my wife in lux-
ury."

"Would you, Aunt Dorcas?" said
Emily, turning to Mrs. Torrance.
"Of course I should," said the mat-
ron, vigorously plying her knitting
needles; "but I don't ever expect it."
"But you are rich," said Emily, with
a little tremor in her voice. "Job is
rich—we are all rich together, with
Cousin Shadrach Seely's money."

In life, had been equally eccentric
in his death—and when Mr. Mustybill,
the lawyer, paid over the legacy, he said,
chuckling:
"It is all right! It's exactly as my
poor client would have had it! I con-
gratulate you, Mrs. Job Torrance!"
And Mrs. Torrance, the elder, has a
higher opinion than ever of her daughter-
in-law's attractions, now that they are
in a background of gold.—*Shirley
Broune.*

HUNGARIAN DANCERS.

The Hungarians dance for their very
lives. To them the practice of the
terpsichorean art is no mere languid and
graceful modulation of the figure, but a
perfect wild abandon of mirth, and the
whirl and spin and gyrate with the ve-
locity of dervishes until their long black
locks stand out straight, and their faces
are ablaze with heat and excitement.

Watch them as they perform the car-
dinal—their national dance—to the strange,
wild harmony of the organ. Watch
them as they balance themselves back-
ward and forward while adapting their
subtle movements to the measure of the
animating strains. The car- is essen-
tially pantomimic and describes by mute
action the "quiet course of true love."

The music is at first slow, and the cou-
ples walk up and down the room to-
gether in a stately manner, then, affecting
to have made each other's acquaintance
and fallen victims to the tender passion,
the music grows more lively, and the
courtship begins in earnest. The
lover advances toward his innamorata,
she coyly resists, and they spirlround
together for a few seconds, when, as if
thinking she had given him too much
encouragement, the maiden retires
pouting, whereupon he again approaches,
but this time she turns her back on him
and dances off in a contrary direction.

Following her, however, he overtakes
and seizes her round the waist, and
away they go again whirling deliciously,
until she manages to extricate herself
from his grasp. Sly and friendly by
turns, now encouraging her partner and
now repreating with offended dignity,
the lover at length becomes chagrined
at her caprices, turns his back upon
her, and they dance *a dos* for a
while, with indignant gestures, till the
maiden, with signs of repentance, seeks
reconciliation. The music grows faster
and faster, the lovers, in the ecstasy
of reunion, whirl and twirl madly, nor
do they stop until both are quite giddy
and out of breath, when, retiring from
the scene, another couple take their place
and the performance begins again.—
Lady Wadegrade's Travels.

A SPEAKER WHO SPOKE.
Ex-Secretary of State James G. Blaine
relates this story about ex-Congressman
Pike, who was Representative for six
years from the Eastern district of Maine:
"I once knew," said Mr. Blaine,
"down in Augusta, Me., a man by the
name of Pike. He was Speaker of the
lower house. He was a very able man,
but dreadful crochety at times. A leg-
islative body, you know, is like a school."

The Speaker must keep the reins drawn
tightly, or he will lose all control, and
the members will commence throwing
spit-balls at each other, metaphorically
speaking. Well, one day the House got
into a dreadful snarl. The whole day
had been spent in dilatory motions on
one side, plentifully interspersed with
chaffing and abuse from the other. Pike,
who was nearly frantic with rage, still
preserved a calm exterior. At last his
patience gave way, and, pounding with
a gavel until a partial quiet had been
restored, he exclaimed: 'It has been
moved and seconded that the House ad-
journ, and all in favor of that motion,'
etc. No one had made such a propo-
sition, and there were but two feeble
yeas. 'Those opposed,' shouted the
Speaker. And a perfect chorus of nays
went up that fairly shook the chamber.

But Pike was not disconcerted. 'The
yeas have it, and the House is ad-
journed,' he cried. 'You know,' continued
Mr. Blaine, in his instructive manner, 'that
when a body finishes its deliberations it
adjourns until some particular time.
Aware of this fact a tall member from
Aroostook arose in his seat, and, point-
ing his long, bony finger in Pike's di-
rection, exclaimed: 'We adjourn, Mr.
Speaker, to meet again, when?' The
answer came with crushing prompt-
ness: 'I don't give a—' if you
never meet again.'"

TWO-HANDED SWORDS.
The claymore, once famous in Scot-
tish history, was a very long sword,
with a hilt so large that it could be
grasped by both the hands of the war-
rior who wielded it; and when this tre-
mendous weapon was swung around by
any of the brave

Scotts, who had Wallace bleed,
Scotts, who had Bruce slain often led,
there was every reason for the opposing
soldiers to want to get as far away as
possible. Long, two-handed, swords
were in use in various parts of Europe
during the Middle Ages, but it is from
Scotland that we have heard the most
about them.

Some of the German swords, used by
the mercenary soldiers in the French
religious wars, were enormous two-
handed weapons, with sharp points,
jagged edges, and great spikes near the
base of the blade; but these heavy
swords were used only by soldiers who
were uncommonly strong and skillful;
for any awkwardness on the part of a
man swinging such a tremendous blade
was apt to inflict as much injury on his
companions as on the enemy. Some of
the long swords of the Middle Ages
were used more for show and ceremony
than for actual service. The sword of
Edward III., which is preserved in
Westminster Abbey, is seven feet long
and weighs eighteen pounds. This, it
is said, was carried before the King in
processions, and was probably never
used in any other way.—*St. Nicholas.*

Tennessee Regulation.
Two years ago a majority of the Demo-
cratic Convention in Tennessee were
"low-tax" Democrats who withdrew and
put up a bolt's ticket when they found
they were too weak to control the action
of the regular organization. Both of
the Democratic factions were beaten and
Alvin Hawkins, Republican, was elected
Governor. On Wednesday last it was
the "debt-paying" Democrats who went
out of the convention. They took measures
for nominating a bolt ticket, leaving
the "low-tax" men, who were re-
adjusters in a measure, to go on by
themselves. The Democrats on the road
of dishonesty since 1880.

The State debt amounts in round
numbers to \$300,000,000. The Legisla-
ture elected in 1880 passed a
bill, chiefly by Republican votes,
which was approved by the Republican
Governor, called the 100-3 bill, for the
settlement of the debt by the issue of
bonds for the full amount of 100 cents
on the dollar with interest at 3 per cent.
The Democrats procured an injunction
against the issuing of the bonds, and the
case went to the Supreme Court of Ten-
nessee, which gave a partisan decision last
winter declaring the law unconstitutional
because it made the interest
coupons receivable for taxes. Two
of the five Judges dissented. The
creditors then made a proposition
to settle by taking new bonds for
30 per cent of the amount due, with
interest for the first five years at 3 per
cent, and afterward increasing to 4, 5
and 6 per cent. An extra session of the
Legislature was called and the 60-3-4-5-
6 bill was passed as an acceptance of the
bondholders' offer, and this bill in turn
was approved by Gov. Hawkins.

It was earnestly hoped that this action
would be accepted as final, and the most
anxious men about it, namely, the
bondholders themselves, were the
intelligent Democrats outside of Ten-
nessee. They saw clearly enough that
their party could not afford to make an
issue on the settlement as agreed upon
or keep up any further agitation in favor
of repudiating the debt. The outside
leading Democratic newspapers, too,
saw the wisdom of the action, and took
the same view and urged the bond-
holders to drop the bond quarrel and go
to work in harmony to whip the Republi-
cans.

But physicians were in vain for the
Democrats of Tennessee, and good
advice was thrown away. The call for a
State Convention was heeded up by the
wise old nurses of the party and signed
by the Chairman of the "low-tax" com-
mittee, and also by the Chairman of the
"debt-paying" committee. A full dele-
gation assembled at Nashville with the
expressed purpose above all things else
of curing the breach in the party and
working together in the campaign. But
the regulators would not subside.
They made a platform in condemnation of
the 60-3-4-5-6 settlement, which they
will engage to keep from going into ef-
fect until the election, and then to back
upon a compromise among themselves
in favor of paying 50 per cent of the
debt in new bonds bearing 3 per cent
interest.

Of course the Democrats who retained
some sense of the obligation to keep
agreements, to the extent, at any rate,
of respecting a compromise that had al-
ready received legislative sanction, could
not countenance this breach of faith,
and so they withdrew and in conference
agreed to call a new nominating conven-
tion of their own for July 11.

The Republicans will undoubtedly
nominate Gov. Hawkins, and his re-
election in November is tolerably cer-
tain. In 1880 he received 102,969 votes
to 79,191 for Wright, the regular or
"debt-paying" Democratic candidate,
and 57,424 for Wilson, the "low-tax"
Democratic candidate, the plurality for
Hawkins being 23,776.

Bate, the regular or "low-tax" Demo-
crat, and his "debt-paying" fellow-
Democrats candidate will hardly poll
more than 60,000 votes. The Demo-
cratic candidates received in 1880,
and there is good prospect that the people
of Tennessee will enjoy the advantage of
a full Republican administration for an-
other term.—*Detroit Post.*

The South Carolina Plan.
There is something very much like
rebellion going on in South Carolina.
The officers of the Federal Government
are openly defied by the local Democratic
officials, are resisted in the performance
of their duty, and are forcibly ejected
from buildings which they visit in order
to discharge the duty which the Govern-
ment imposes upon them. This seems
incredible, but it is the plainest possible
statement of facts actually existing.
"Defiance is made openly, with the old
Tweed-taint." "What are you going to
do about it?"

Registration under the new State law
has been in progress for some time
throughout the State. The act was
explained at the time of its enactment,
as an infamous as Bonhom intolerance
could make it. Its first and chief aim
is to disfranchise the great mass of the
negro vote, and thus make bulldozing
and ballot-box stuffing unnecessary here-
after. The Supervisors who superintend
the registration were all appointed by the
Democratic Governor, and the act was
by a common zeal to carry out the law
in the spirit of its enactment. They
take every possible means to hinder the
registration of negroes and facilitate
that of white men. This plan of
proceedure was carried to such ex-
tremes in Charleston on Tuesday
last that the United States Deputy Mar-
shal there, who was surrounded by a
right to stand near the registration of-
ficers in order that they might inspect
their work and prevent their unlawful
conduct. To this the Supervisor ob-
jected, ordered the Marshals from the
room, and when they refused to depart,
called the police and had them ejected.
When they reported to the Marshal he
had the Supervisor arrested and taken
before Chief Supervisor Wallace on the
charge of obstructing and hindering a
United States Marshal in the discharge
of his duty. Bonds were given for his
release, and he returned and reopened
the registration in the same unfair man-
ner. The Deputy Marshals again pro-
tested, and were again ejected. Where-
upon the Supervisor was arrested a sec-
ond time and committed to prison. He
returned again, and proceeded in the
same way as before. On Thursday Deputy
Marshals were sent in the same man-
ner by another Supervisor, who was
subsequently arrested, and on the same
day the Bourbon State authorities had
the Chairman of the Republican State
committee arrested because he insisted
that colored voters should have the same
rights as white men in registering.

It is easy to understand why the Repub-
licans feel safe in following this course.
The offense is the same as that which
was charged in the recent election trials
—obstructing and hindering a Marshal
in the performance of his duties. No
jury was found which had the honesty

or the courage to bring in a verdict of
guilty on that charge, though the evi-
dence of guilt was overwhelming. The
Bourbons argue that if they broke the
law with impunity once they may again,
since no jury can be found in the State
to convict them. The leading Bourbon
organ of the State speaks of the conduct
of the Marshal as "a monstrous and
calls the recent attempt of the Govern-
ment to enforce its authority in the State
"high-handed." The whole tone of its
comments is to assert the authority of
the State above that of the nation, and
to defy the nation to help itself if it
can. The situation is at once astonish-
ing and pathetic. What is to be the fu-
ture of a State in which the conscience
of the people is so dumb that dishonesty
in politics is hailed as virtue, and def-
iance of law is treated as high service to
the commonwealth? Sooner or later
South Carolina will see the blind folly of
her course. In the meantime what is
the Government going to do about it?
—*New York Tribune.*

Wanted, a Polley.
Congressman Morrison, of Illinois,
says a Michigan contemporary, is a very
rare being for a Democratic politician.
He has vague ideas in number, that is
a necessity of his party associations. But
he has no occasional spasm of sense, and
it is that which distinguishes him above
the leaders of his party. While the last
visiting spasm was strong upon him Mr.
Morrison said: "To ask the people to
try instead of the Republicans is non-
sense. It is only office-seeking on a large
scale. We must have a policy."

In that utterance there is the
history of many Democratic defeats.
They have begged the people to try
them instead of the Republicans. But
why try them? That is a conundrum
which no Democrat could answer, and
which was past finding out. Try us,
such was the beginning of their vocifer-
ous appeal. And for why and wherefore,
they only answered the same thing,
"Try us." Of course they were told,
and it was pressed upon them with the
sledge-hammer logic of defeat, "You
must give a reason for trying you."

But when they sought for reasons they
were compelled to turn back to despair
to the one vociferous appeal, "Try us."
All of which Mr. Morrison has dis-
covered was vain, as we have all known it
was this many years, and foolish, which
nobody has denied. And now he tells
the brethren who for twenty years have
been in vain appealing to "try us" that
their appeal was nothing more than "office
seeking on a large scale." This they
will never read without turning pale.

When they read a little further and dis-
cover that Mr. Morrison advises they
must have a policy, they will rise up
with a feeling of mixed disgust and
despair.

Policy indeed, we the Democracy,
have had too much of it already. We
have been on all sides of everything.
The measure of the day is the measure
of their disgust they will denounce Mr.
Morrison as a blind guide.

As they will be right. It is not a
policy the party needs. One ounce of
principle would do more for it than
forty tons of policy. But this has
never occurred to Mr. Morrison or an
other would-be guide of Democracy.

EDITOR GOUDEY'S PRACTICAL JOKE.
Dave Goudy, editor of the Beaver
Dam Argus, is one of the drierst jokes
in the world, and he had just as soon
play a joke on a member of his own
family as not. Dave's wife is a friend
of his, and so she is subject to his jokes.
She hates Indians, and always looks the
dear when she sees the Indians who
camp around Beaver Dam coming
toward the house. Dave knew this, so
he hired up an Indian to go up to the house
and get in, with a pass key, and beg a
wife of Dave's old pants of the good
wife, which she would gladly give to get
rid of him, and then offered the Indian
half a dollar if he would go right into
the parlor and put the pants on.

Dave thought it would be a splendid joke
on his wife, and he got a drug-store man
named Griffin to go with him and watch
the fun from a distance. The Indian
got in the house, and when he asked for
a pair of old pants, the good lady saw
through the joke, and she gave him
Dave's Sunday pants, and he went in
the parlor and was going to put them
on. This was too much for her, and she
went to the kitchen and got a dipper of
hot water. Nobody knows exactly what
occurred, but Dave and Griffin suddenly
saw an Indian come out the front door
with one leg in a pair of black doekin
pants and the other pants leg dangling
in the air, and the Indian yelled as
though he was in pain, and he pulled
out for the camp up the lake about six
miles. As he passed the two gentlemen
the Indian said, "Squaw heap spunky."

Ugh! Hot water," and he was gone.
Dave went home and asked what the
news was, and found that he was out a
pair of Sunday pants, in the pocket of
which was \$12 in money and a pass on
the St. Paul railroad, and his wife says
when he wants to send his friends up to
the house after any more pants to do so,
by all means. She will be at home.—
Peck's Snipe.

A PRUDENT GROCER.
In the years which will come no more
a Baltimore grocer was guided in his
prices entirely by reports of the crop
prospects. When a farmer came in and
reported that wheat was not looking
very well the grocer would say to his
clerk:

"James, wheat has a downcast look,
and you must scrip a little in measur-
ing molasses."

When a farmer mentioned that it was
too dry or too wet for corn the grocer
would say:

"James, for fear that corn will be
higher you must use those light weights
in weighing out sugar."

When oats had a bad look there was
a shortage on tea, and when the peach
buds were damaged the grocer mixed
Rio with his Java. One time he had to
make a trip to New York, and upon his
return his clerk reported that wheat was
looking splendid, oats all right, potatoes
promising, and that everything indicated
a big yield.

"I am glad to hear it—very glad,"
replied the grocer, "but for fear that it
may be a wet fall, and that farmers will
be backward about bringing in turnips,
you'd better send up that brown sugar
and wet down that box of codfish!"—
Wall Street Daily News.

GUITEAU'S BODY.

Report of the Post Mortem by Dr. Lamb.
A Technical Statement of the Formation
of the Skull and the Condition of the
Brain.

The Medical News, of Philadelphia, prints
the official report of the post-mortem exami-
nation of the body of Charles J. Guiteau.
The report is signed by Dr. Lamb, and is dated
Army Medical Museum, Washington, July 4:
"The body of the deceased was received at the
guise of a coroner's inquest."

By reason of the delay, for which neither I
nor my assistants were responsible, the exami-
nation was not begun until 2.30 o'clock p. m.,
one hour and a half after death, in consequence
of which the photographing was less success-
ful and a cast was impracticable. The
body, which was of a faint, yellowish tint,
was that of a man about five feet seven
inches high and weighed 144 pounds. The
eyes were examined by Dr. Loring, who reported
the pupils slightly and equally dilated. The
tongue was cloudy, and the fundus un-
distinctly visible. The stomach was slightly
congested. He repeated the examination two
hours later, and noticed an appearance as of a
transverse fracture of the lower jaw. A small
white scar, directed obliquely downward, for-
ward, and to the left, and confined to the scalp,
was observed midway between the top of the
head and the line of the hair, and was slightly
thickened. The right parietal bone was slightly
flattened over a space of about two inches square,
just back of the frontal parietal suture, and to
the right of the lateral suture. The frontal bone
was flattened, but the other were quite dis-
tinct. A number of pachymenial depressions
were observed near the groove for the longitu-
dinal sinus.

The dura mater was slightly flattened
over a space of about two inches square, just
back of the frontal parietal suture, and to the
right of the lateral suture. The frontal bone
was flattened, but the other were quite dis-
tinct. A number of pachymenial depressions
were observed near the groove for the longitu-
dinal sinus.

The dura mater was firmly adherent to the
anterior portion of the calvaria in the vicinity
of the frontal parietal suture, and the pachu-
menial of the dura also, and situated in the
several fissures, and most marked in the deeper
parts of the fissures, where the dura was small
patches, abruptly limited, of immovable
arborescent congestions, with, however, no
attendant thickening or pigmentation. This
condition was seen in the frontal, parietal, and
occipital and middle fissures. There was no
congestion of the dura, except at the points
just noted. The dura and piamater were
adherent to each other, and to the brain on
both sides along a limited portion of the longi-
tudinal fissure, in the vicinity of the pachu-
menial granulations. The piamater was slightly
thickened along the longitudinal sinus, and
also slightly thickened and opaque along the
portion of the line of the middle meningeal
artery on each side.

The arachnoid of the upper convexity of the
brain presented in many places, where it
covered the sulci, small patches of thick-
ening, and opacity, elsewhere it was normal.
The piamater was anemic anteriorly; posteriorly
there was slight hyperstasia. The cere-
bral vessels appeared to be normal in all
respects. The cerebral plexus was very small,
and presented many conical eminences of large
size. There was no roughening anywhere of
the inner surface of the skull.

The brain was three inches thick, including
the cerebrum, cerebellum, pons, and medulla,
and a portion of the dura, was 494 grams. It
was slightly flattened in the region of the
upper convexity, and in the region of the
upper convexity of the parietal bone, above
mentioned. On a section of the cerebrum there
was the appearance of a slight thinning of the
cortex. The measurements of the brain were
everywhere depths of 1.18 to 1.24 inch in close
proximity to each other. The white substance
was almost absolutely anemic. The cerebel-
lum, including the vermis, was 1.18 inch in
depth, and 1.18 inch in breadth, covered on
each side.

The fissures generally presented considerable
depth in many places, as in the right fissure
of Rolando, amounting to seven-eighths of an
inch.

The right fissure of Sylvius was typical; the
left was separated from the first temporal fissure

THE AVALANCHE.

C. PALMER, Editor and Proprietor

Entered at the Post Office at Grayling, Mich., as second-class matter.

THURSDAY, July 13, 1882.

ONLY A JOKE.

A tailor not far from Petticoat Lane got hold of a red hot iron. He heated it up his goose to the blistering point, and placed it on a bench at his door with the sign reading, "Only a six pence." In a few minutes along came an ancient-looking Israelite, with an eye out for bargains, and, as he saw the goose and read the sign, he made up his mind that he had struck it rich. He naturally reached out to heft his bargain, and that was where he gave himself away. The tailor almost fell down with his merriment, but it did not last over 30 seconds. At the end of that time the victim entered the shop and began a sort of gymnastic performance which did not end until the tailor was a sadly-mashed man and his shop in the greatest confusion. The two were fighting in front when an officer came along and nabbed both, and both were brought before his Honor together. The tailor appeared with a black eye and a finger tied up in a red rag, and the Israelite had a scratched nose and was minus two front teeth. "Well," queried the court, as the pair stood gazing at him.

"Vell, I shall speak first," replied the tailor. "I like to have a shoke, sometimes, and so I put dat goose out dere. Id vhas all in fun, und I am werry sorry."

"I couldn't see whar the fun cum in," said the other. "Dis yere han is all burned to a blister, and I won't be able to use it for two weeks."

"Did you put that hot goose out there for a joke?" queried the court.

"Yaw, it was only a shoke."

"And were you joking when you entered the shop and made things hum?" he asked of the other.

"No, boss, I wasn't. I am an old man and not much given to laffin an cuttin' up. When I let go of dat hot iron I cum my mind to mash dat tailor flatter den a billyard ball. It was my first four for ober forty years, but I got de-buige on human was usin' him up when de officer stepped in. No, boss, I wasn't jokin' 'bout dat time."

"Were you very tickled?" he queried of the tailor.

"Vell, I was tickled until he pitch into me."

"You were the only one who had any fun out of it?"

"Vell, I s'pose so."

"Then you'll have to foot the bill. I shall let him go and fine you 40 shillings."

"Dot fish poorly high."

"Yes, but it was a rich joke, you know."—Free Press.

THE TURNIP CROP PROFITABLE.

No crop makes better returns for labor bestowed than turnips. The seed may be sown any time from the first of June throughout August, in many localities below the isothermal of say the north line of Connecticut. It may be sowed broadcast, in drills or rows, or as a "cattle crop," among corn, or turnips may be used to seed to grass with, sowing both the turnip and grass seed about August 1st. For turnips alone the preparation of the ground is simple. It needs good plowing and harrowing in fair heart; but a dressing of 400 pounds of bone dust or 250 pounds superphosphate to the acre will almost insure a good crop. We rarely have such dry weather that turnips will not start in July, and soon as they make leaf, heavy dews seem to be enough to keep them growing, but last year was an exception in this part of the country. In many fields turnips sown on dry ground did not germinate, or, at least, did not make any show above ground.

In sowing turnips broadcast the greatest care must be taken to have them thin enough. A pound of seed to the acre is all that should be sowed, and this should be divided, the whole piece being sowed twice at right angles. In Europe the seedmen use old seed baked, or baked rape seed, to mix with turnip seed as an adulteration. If we could buy here such old baked seed so as to mix it ourselves—say five pounds of baked with one of live seed—and thus be able to make a fair cast, instead of throwing little pinches of seed as we now do, it would save a good deal of trouble. Sowed in drills, turnips must be thinned. Much rank manure gives a strong, bad flavor. Turnips ought never to have the first water at a dressing of yard or stable manure, but to come in as a second crop. As to varieties, there are two widely different classes, and intermediate varieties without number which it is hard to classify. Swedish, or Russian turnips, generally known as Rutabagas or Swedes, are a very distinct, hard-fleshed, glossy-leaved kind, occurring in many varieties, that need better soil, earlier sowing and better culture than the soft-fleshed or English turnip, which is rough-leaved, grows most rapidly, is a voracious feeder, doing well and making a bulky watery crop where Swedes would do very little, and yet it is a question whether the mall crop of Swedes would not contain nearly as much nutriment as the soft turnips. Between these two extremes of hard-fleshed and soft-fleshed kinds are many varieties partaking in a measure of the hard-fleshed character of the Swedes, but generally regarded and treated as belonging to the common English species. Such are the Yellow Globe, Yellowstone, Dutch, etc. As a rule it is best to sow Swedes as early as the first of July, the Globe and Stone turnips as early as the 25th, and the soft turnips, Strap-leaved flat, Cow-horn, etc., by the 10th of August. The last named is the best to sow to graft with, and on good soil not overgrown, turnips and clover seed may be mixed together, using 15 pounds of clover seed, as some will winter-kill.—American Agriculturist.

Subscribe for your home paper.

Among the recent applications at the United States Pension Office in this city was Nicholas Lake, of 111 Michigan county, who is still drawing a pension for service in the war of 1811. Mr. Lake has but one hand, having lost the other hand and part of his arm, and suffered a very serious injury to the remaining hand at the time of his war service. Mr. Lake was captured by the Indians and it was at the time of his capture that he received his injuries. The Indians were chasing him, and when he discovered that there was no use in flight, he stood up to a fight of it. An Indian made a thrust at him with a knife and Mr. Lake grasped the blade in his hand. At the same time another Indian struck at him with a tomahawk, and he saved his head Mr. Lake received the blow upon his arm. Submitting to capture Mr. Lake remained as a prisoner (with only such care of his wounds as he was able to bestow unaided) for nearly two weeks. When he regained his freedom the tomahawk wound had so seriously affected his arm that amputation was necessary to save his life, while the hand in which he caught the knife had begun to heal in a much improved condition, from which he has never recovered.—Detroit Free Press.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, East Saginaw, Mich., July 1, 1882. Notice to Charles Workman. Complaint having been entered against you by Henry A. Merrill for abandoning your home stead entry No. 3881, made by you on the 12th day of August, 1879, in the 12th town of Saginaw, Mich., you are hereby summoned to appear at this office, on the 21st day of August next, at 10 o'clock a. m., to show cause why your said home stead entry should not be cancelled.

The said Henry A. Merrill is hereby summoned to appear at the same time and place.

CHARLES DOUGHTY, Register.

F. J. BURTON, Receiver.

WRIGHT & DAVIS,
(WRIGHT'S LAKE)
Are now prepared to furnish all grades of

FLOORING, SIDING, CEILING, BATTENS, MOULDING.
And Lumber dressed one or two sides. Also rough, of any size and quality.

Correspondence Solicited.

NOTICE
Is hereby given, that the Otsego and Crawford County Improvement Company, a corporation, has made application to the Board of Supervisors of Otsego county, for permission to construct two dams on the west fork of Big Creek a navigable stream in said county, for the purpose of improving the navigation thereof, with a special view to the flotation of logs, lumber, etc., the location, height, and description of said dams being as follows respectively, to-wit: First, on s. w. 1/4 of n. 1/4 of section 32, in town 20 north of range 1 west, to be of 7 feet height, and 300 feet wide from bank to bank, with a sluice not less than 10 feet wide for the passage of logs and timber; second, on same stream, on s. w. 1/4 of s. 1/4 of sec. 20, same town and range, of ten feet height, and 100 feet wide from bank to bank, with a sluice not less than ten feet wide, for the passage of logs and timber. Said dams to be built of logs, timber and earth. Said application will be heard and determined by said Board on Monday, July 31st, 1882, at 3 o'clock p. m., at the court house in Grayling, in said county.

Dated June 26th, 1882.
J. E. WHITE, President.
O. E. M. CUTCHEN, Secretary.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
Land Office at East Saginaw, Mich., April 17th, 1882. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register of the U. S. Land Office at East Saginaw on the 25th day of June, 1882, viz: Leander Harris, of Crawford county, Mich., for the w. 1/2 of s. 24 of sec. 14, t. 20 n., r. 2 w., and e. 1/2 of s. 24, same sec. additional.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, said land, to-wit: Myron Wilkerson of Danville p. o.; William Wright of Danville p. o.; Frank Hunk of Springfield p. o.; E. E. Bay of East Saginaw p. o. units.
CHAS. DOUGHTY, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
Land Office at Reed City, Mich., May 17th, 1882. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register of the U. S. Land Office at Reed City on the 1st day of July, 1882, viz: Charles Wagner, homestead entry No. 682, for the n. e. 1/4 of s. 6 of sec. 12, t. 20 n., r. 2 w., and names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said tract, to-wit: Reuben Babbit, Sr., of Grayling p. o.; and John O. Bailey of Grayling p. o.; and David London of Grayling p. o.
EDWARD STEVENSON, Register.

NOTICE.
U. S. LAND OFFICE, Reed City, Mich., June 27, 1882. Complaint having been entered at this office by Seymour W. Pater, against Henry C. Baldwin, for abandoning his home stead entry No. 3881, made by you on the 12th day of August, 1879, in the 12th town of Saginaw, Mich., you are hereby summoned to appear at this office, on the 21st day of August next, at 10 o'clock a. m., to show cause why your said home stead entry should not be cancelled.

The said Henry C. Baldwin is hereby summoned to appear at the same time and place.

CHARLES DOUGHTY, Register.

F. J. BURTON, Receiver.

PALMER'S PLANING MILL
Is in full blast and you can all be supplied with

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At as low prices as can be afforded

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These Celebrated Mills have long been noted for their excellence and promptness in the delivery of lumber in the United States, and recent awards from the Centennial Exhibition 1876, Cincinnati Exposition 1879, and the International Cotton Exposition at Atlanta 1881, are evidence of their superior quality. They are constantly built of the very best material, highly finished and provided with Superior Attachments, Stoves, and are made in three different sizes, from one to one and one-half miles. For Warehouse, Elevator and Millers' use. They are WANTED TO GIVE SATISFACTION. Correspondence solicited and descriptive circular and price list sent free on application to

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do Seattle
do Tacoma
do San Diego
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do San Jose
do San Francisco
do Portland
do Seattle
do Tacoma
do San Diego
do Los Angeles
do San Jose

GOING WEST
Leave St. Ignace
do Sault Ste. Marie
do Milwaukee
do Chicago
do St. Louis
do New York
do Boston
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Through tickets on sale at Marquette and St. Ignace, and all points in Northern Peninsula. For information as to passenger and freight rates apply to the office of General Freight and Passenger Agent.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,
East Saginaw, Mich., June 1st, 1882. Notice to John Pifer. Complaint having been entered against you by Henry A. Merrill for abandoning your home stead entry No. 3881, made by you on the 12th day of August, 1879, in the 12th town of Saginaw, Mich., you are hereby summoned to appear at this office, on the 21st day of August next, at 10 o'clock a. m., to show cause why your said home stead entry should not be cancelled.

The said Henry A. Merrill is hereby summoned to appear at the same time and place.

CHARLES DOUGHTY, Register.

F. J. BURTON, Receiver.

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STOVES.
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They have been in the hands of shooters for the past sixteen years and stood the severest test, and have won more laurels than any other gun when brought in competition in the field or at the trap. At Concord Island last year, at the New York State Convention, the PARKER won the Pierce Diamond Badge and the "Forest and Stream" Badge for the best average over nearly 200 competitors. Send for Catalogue.

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Dolls and Toys for the million.
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My Sewing Machines are not the latest, clumsy old devices of 10 or 15 years ago, but the latest improvements and inventions of the day; in fact, marvels of simplicity and perfection.

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Saginaw river nearly to the Straits of Mackinac, and contain large tracts of farming lands as good as can be found in any part of the United States, are well timbered with hard-wood—maple, beech, elm, oak, etc., and well adapted for raising stock and fruit growing. Soil, black sandy loam and

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